

Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. : : MISSOURI.

WAITING DAYS.

Oh, the hours of waiting, the silent calm,
When the breeze dies out and the sails
drop down,
When our restless souls would find relief
in even the storm-cloud's threatening frown!

But 'tis then we see the sky's deep blue,
And the myriad beauties of ocean ways,
And all the mystical signs of heaven,
And we thank Thee, Lord, for these waiting days.

Oh, the days of winter so dull, so drear,
When the leaves have fled and the
spring comes not,
When the brooks are silent and woods
are bare,
And the snow lies deep o'er the mead-
ow-let!

But 'tis then that we find all the tran-
quil joy
That comes from the dawn and the
sunset rays,
And learn the secrets of squirrel and
bird—
And we thank Thee, Lord, for these waiting days.

Oh, the days of life, when we wait and
wait,
For the strength or time our task to
complete,
When we must sit with the folded
hands,
And list to the tramp of the passing
feet!

But 'tis then that we learn the joy of
faith,
And know at length sweet patience's
ways,
And lean on the strength of the Father's
heart—
So we thank Thee, Lord, for these waiting days.

—Lydia Kendall Foster, in Springfield
(Mass.) Republican.

DELIVERED.

The Parson and the Cowboy.

BY MILFORD W. FOSHAY.

"SAY, Parson, did you hear that
Mason was coming?"

The speaker was a typical western
ranchman. His stalwart frame was
propped negligently against his lit-
tle, rat-like pony, with one arm
thrown over its shoulder as if ready
to pick it up and carry it off. The
man addressed had just ridden up
to the log post office. Booted and
spurred, with his broad-brimmed hat,
as he sat astride the red bronco, he
did not appear very much like a gospel
advocate. Yet he was, and the
sole wielder of the "Sword of the
Spirit" within a radius of some 50
miles.

This man was known and loved by
all the families in the sparsely set-
tled district, because he was ever
ready to watch at the bedside of the
sick or to gallop the 13 miles to the
lonely little station in the valley, and
telegraph for a doctor when the case
was desperate. More than this, he en-
tered heartily into all their local
interests, knitting himself so closely
to them that his influence often
averted outbursts over disputed wa-
ter privileges, or other distur-
bing conditions. He felt that
they valued his ministrations to the
dying and officers to the dead;
yet he often sighed that the
living were so careless of his advice
regarding spiritual attainments. But
he kept his sighs to himself; for he
well knew that while a genuine tear
for another's physical suffering
would touch their hearts, anything
of that nature which accompanied
religious teaching would weaken his
influence.

Just now, this district was in a dan-
gerous state of excitement over the
attitude of the sheep men. This was
a cattle region, and it had no inten-
tion of permitting Mason to drive
through his flock of sheep and ruin
the pasture for the season. He had
done so once, and the experience was
not to be repeated. They sent him
word to this effect, and he replied
shortly, that when he got orders
from Washington not to trespass on
the government land beyond the
Hogback, he would take another
route—and not 'till then.

So, when Mr. Wills was asked the
question already recorded, he knew
that the district would oppose Ma-
son's advance, and that it meant not
only a slaughter of sheep, but pos-
sibly the loss of human life. It was
of no use to talk against the method
to be employed. He had done that;
but this was a case in which they felt
it necessary to set his counsel at
naught. He would say something,
however, to this mountain giant
whose good impulse he knew to be in
keeping with the size of the organ
which set them going.

"Well, Dick, when will he be here?"
"About the last of next week. He
has started, but will have to stop at
Crook's to feed his precious flock. He
expects to let them do their own
feeding through here, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"And I don't, you see," Dick said,
in a very positive way.

"If there should be shooting, are
you all ready for it?" And Mr. Wills
looked his friend earnestly in the eye.
"All ready," was the prompt reply.
"I know what you mean. We fellows
think lots of your teaching, parson,
if we don't seem to practice it much.
I want to tell you that when we were
over to Divide last time, we got
something that will keep us all right.
See that bulge?" and he drew his shirt
smooth, on his left side.

"Yes. What is it?"

"A New Testament, right over my
heart!" was the triumphant reply.

"How long have you had it?"

"Three months."

"How much have you read it?"

"Oh, I haven't read it any. But you
said we ought always to have one
along with us."

Mr. Wills did not seem to rejoice
as much as Dick looked for, over the
result of his teaching. In truth, he
was wondering if he had so taught
these people that they regarded re-
ligious instruction as a stock of in-
cantations to ward off evil, and the
Bible as a charm for the same pur-

pose. When he came among them
three years before, he found men
and women who had grown up, mar-
ried and reared children without ever
having attended divine service. It
was exceedingly difficult to lead them
to a conception of spiritual relations
between God and themselves. He
now asked for the Book, and finding
that it contained the Psalms, he
marked the fifteenth verse of the
fiftieth Psalm, and the third chapter
of John, sixteenth verse. Handing
it back, he said:

"I wish you would read what I
have marked."

"All right, I will, sometime," Dick
promised, putting the Book away in
its resting place.

"Before Mason gets here?"

"Don't like to take medicine before
I'm sick. If it should go hard with
me, I'll look it up."

On a day of the following week,
word was circulated that Mason
would probably drive his sheep
through during the night. Mr. Wills
slept little and did not undress, that
he might be ready in case he was
called; yet he did not expect to
receive any word until daylight—
perhaps not then. The wise thing
was to stay away and refrain from
questioning; and he had learned this
kind of wisdom.

It was just after noon when Dick's
brother Charlie rode up. The Par-
son saw him coming and was out-
side.

"Well?"

"Of course no one knows anything,
and we have to suppose what took
place. So we think that Mason and
his men were stopped, and that
they'll drive over the other trail,"
Charlie answered. But he was uneasy.
Mr. Wills noticed it and continued.

"Any one hurt?"

"One of Mason's men was shot,
and died about an hour ago. Another
of them got away and rode over to
the station to wire. The sheriff started
at once. I don't know how it will
end. Guess some other way ought
to have been tried; although I don't
know what, for he was warned, com-
found him, not to bring his sheep
here. A good many of them were
killed and he promised to go back.
But, Parson," and his voice which had
taken on an angry tone, became
troubled, "Dick's missing."

Mr. Wills looked his inquiry, and
Charlie continued:

"Everyone was supposed to go
home after it was over, and know
nothing. The shooting was very
lively for a few minutes on both
sides, before Mason would stop to
talk. When Dick didn't show up at
daylight, I rode round to places
where he might be; but no one had
seen him. Then I went to the scrim-
mage ground, but he's not there.
When I got back his horse had come
in. The sheriff's on the ground by
this time. See?"

Yes, he saw. It would not do for
Charlie, or any of the other men, to
be out looking for Dick; so he said,
significantly:

"My horse is fresh."

Charlie reached out his hand. Mr.
Wills grasped it, and they separated
without another word. The red
bronco was quickly saddled, and its
rider soon on the scene of the con-
flict. The sheriff and two of his
men from the county seat were there,
but not a native was in sight. Dead
sheep were scattered all about on
the sand, and among the stunted ce-
dars.

When Mr. Wills rode up, the sher-
iff, who knew him, asked:

"What do you know about this?"

"I have not been on this spot for
two weeks," was the reply. Then
looking the officer in the eye, he con-
tinued, "I was at home from sun-
down yesterday till within a few min-
utes ago."

"Oh, of course," the sheriff re-
sponded rather bitterly, as he saw
that no information was to be had
from this source.

They talked a few minutes longer,
then Mr. Wills began to hunt for
some sign of Dick. He found nothing,
and rode off a few miles one
way at a venture. It was fruitless,
and he returned to ride in another
direction.

He had gone about a mile up a
trail leading to a mountain "park,"
when he saw the tracks of a horse
at one side. Following these, he no-
ticed that they were irregular, as
though the rider was unsteady in his
saddle, pulling his horse this way
and that. His heart beat rapidly, for
the tracks led to a precipice. A half
mile farther they ceased at the edge,
with the deep imprint of the fore-
feet, as if the horse had stopped sud-
denly in a refusal to go on. Hastily
dismounting, he peered over.

There lay Dick in plain view on a
shelf of rock about ten feet from
the top, and with one foot hanging
out over the chasm.

When he was shot Dick felt the im-
pact at his left side well up to the
shoulder. The arm instantly dropped,
and he realized at once that it would
be useless for him to stay there any
longer. His thought was to get
home as soon as possible, according
to the plan. Taking the rein in his
right hand, he started at a lunge. But
his head grew dizzy, and in the dark-
ness he took the wrong road. After
a few minutes he was obliged to bring
the pony to a walk. He continued
for quite a while, reeling in his sad-
dle and drawing his horse about in
a zig-zag fashion. All at once he
pitched forward and lost consciousness.

When he revived the sun shone hot
in his face and it was sometime be-
fore he could understand the situa-
tion. As he got it unraveled, he re-
cognized the locality and knew that
it might not be visited in three
months, unless some youngster came
to trout in the stream below. He
tried to get up, but found that it
was impossible, his whole left side
seemed to be paralyzed. He was
weak from loss of blood and in a
raging thirst. Was he going to die?
He, Dick, who had never known a
sick day, and once had ridden 35
miles with a leg which was broken in
the turmoil of a round-up hanging
at his side, and when he got to the
doctor made him set it without us-
ing a drop of chloroform? But he
did not feel then as he did now.

Everything was looking queer. The
plains were dancing, and once in a

while a rock would swell and swell
until it was ten times its right size.
Then it would suddenly grow small
again and give him a sinking sensa-
tion, as if he were being let down
in a narrow place with the sides
constantly rising higher. It he were
going to die, he wished the Parson
was with him.

Then he thought of the Testa-
ment. Wasn't he all right while he
had that? But Mr. Wills had wanted
him to read it. He could use his
right hand, and finally got the Book
out, hitching himself up against the
bank so that when he held it open
the page was in sight. The process
threw his left leg over the ledge and
it hurt; but what was the difference?
He could follow the Parson's direc-
tions, and that was the important
thing. When he looked at the print
the letters began to jump about.
Some of them got off the Book en-
tirely, but it would never do to let
them get away; so he made an effort
and brought them back in order,
reading enough of the verse to take
in the sense: "Call upon me in the
day of trouble; I will deliver thee."

He fell back exhausted, and tried to
think what this meant.

"It must be God who is to be called
upon, for Mr. Wills is always telling
what He will do for any one in
trouble. But if He knows that I am
hurt, why does He wait to be called
upon? Why don't He let some one
know that I am here? Perhaps He
thinks what's worth having is worth
asking for. Or maybe it's like the
time I dug old Jack Munson out,
when his cabin fell in on him. He
said, 'I wish you had sense enough
to let people alone! I could have
got myself out after a while.' I
swore that I would never help an-
other man until I was asked. Per-
haps God thinks we wouldn't appre-
ciate it if He doesn't wait until He
knows that we can't help ourselves.
Well, I surely can't help myself.
What's that other place the Parson
marked?"

It took some time to find it; but
he managed to read the verse and
murmured:

"God loves the world, and if we
believe it we shall have everlasting
life. I don't quite get that."

His strength was failing, and he
was thinking in a weaker way.

"Everybody must die; but God
doesn't. I wonder if it means that
after we die here we shall have the
same kind of life that God has, if
we call on Him for it?"

This idea seemed somewhat of an
answer to his questions, and com-
forted him. As the tension relaxed,
his mind wandered and he thought
of the park just up yonder, with its
cold springs. The sun was growing
hotter, the fever was increasing and
he imagined that he was stooping to
drink. He could feel the cool air
as his face neared the water. Then,
just as he was about to touch it,
the spring receded and in its stead
there was alkali dust hot and dry. He
drew back in despair, and immedi-
ately felt himself carried to the
edge of a deep valley which he
thought he recognized. He began to
slightly slip over, inch by inch, and
must soon fall into the shadows be-
low. This would kill him, of course;
but he was not disturbed by it. On-
ly there was something he intended
to do before death came. What was
it?

He struggled to recall the inten-
tion, lest he should suddenly go over
into the darkness; and the attempt
cleared his brain. His face had
dropped down on his right arm, and
the shadow of a small tree was cast
upon him. He tried to raise himself,
but could only lift his head. Never
mind; he could get the same kind of
life that God had, by calling on Him,
and then it wouldn't make any dif-
ference what occurred. But he must
hurry.

Turning his face upward toward
the light blue, he noticed first the
heat waves from the rocks near at
hand, then the green of the scrub-
oak banked on the opposite side of
the valley; while farther up flut-
tering leaves looked cool against a dark
cloud whose edge was silvered in the
bright sunlight.

"O, God—" he began; but the
effort was too much, and his head
lurched forward onto his arm.

So Mr. Wills found him. As he
gently removed the Testament from
the fast stiffening fingers, he saw
the marked places and whispered to
himself: "He called, and was surely
delivered."—Pacific Monthly.

How He Got His Title.

The republican boss of southern
Michigan is generally known as "Doc"
Smith, although he never took a de-
gree in medicine, surgery, music,
philosophy or dentistry. He got his
title in a peculiar way. He lives in
Adrian. Some time ago he bought a
farm near that city, which was prin-
cipally productive of dockweed. The
neighbors began to speak of the farm
as "Smith's dock farm." It was not
long before the farm was known as
"Dock Smith's farm," and after that
the contraction to "Dock" was easy.

"Dock" looks like a minister, but
he doesn't talk like one. He was
speaking the other day of a certain
man's chance for nomination as gov-
ernor.

"Why," he said, "his chances are as
thin as soup made from the shadow
of a starving pigeon."—Chicago
Chronicle.

She'll Sing Hereafter.

A charming young lady of Kensing-
ton, who glories in the possession of
a wealth of bright auburn-colored
hair, is the teacher of a Sunday
school class. On a recent Sabbath
the rector made the announcement of
a hymn to be sung, and, rising, waved
his hands, and the organ pealed forth.

"Now," said he, "ready—sing."

A small and precocious youth in the
young woman's class, said:

"Why don't you sing, Miss Fris-
bee?"

"Me? Oh, I never sing," replied
the teacher, smiling her prettiest.

"But," exclaimed the boy, "the min-
ister says you must. Didn't he just
say 'Now, ready, sing'?"

Smelling suds and numerous other
restoratives had to be used to bring
the teacher out of her faint.—Phila-
delphia Telegraph.

CHANGES AT MANILA.

What Is Shown by Late Statistics of
the Conditions of the Public
Administration.

The Democracy of Manila of Janu-
ary 27, 1902, commenting on the
changes in the situation in the islands
in so far as public administration is
concerned, says the Washington Star,
gives the following statistics:

1. The legislative commission pub-
lished 400 laws from September 1,
1900, up to the present time; that is
to say, one law for every day and a
half.

2. There are throughout the entire
archipelago 1,250 American teachers
of both sexes, charged with the duty
of diffusing the English language in
every town and village. There are
400 Filipino teachers of primary in-
struction. About 200,000 children at-
tend the 1,600 schools established.

Besides, the general superintendent
of schools is giving his entire atten-
tion to the establishment of high
schools.

3. The civil service consists at the
present time of 9,000 employees, of
which 3,000, including the 1,250 teach-
ers, are Americans and the remaining
6,000 Filipinos. The civil service board
has held 87 examinations since its
creation in May, 1900, which were at-
tended by 6,000 adults.

We may deduce therefrom that
while the department of public in-
struction is occupying itself with the
instruction of the young, the civil
service is encouraging study by
means of the competitive examina-
tions to fill public offices.

4. The department of health in less
than six months has organized the
entire sanitary service in the capital
and in almost the entire archipelago.
The street-cleaning service in this
town removes daily 200 tons of dirt.

As a result of the vigorous campaign
of hygiene and cleanliness under-
taken by the board of health, the hu-
man plague and smallpox, which
were so virulent in 1898, have disap-
peared in 1901.

5. The insular treasury has a sur-
plus of several million dollars. In al-
most every provincial treasury the
revenues exceed the expenditures.

The economic condition of the mun-
icipalities, if we take into consid-
eration that we are crossing a period
of difficult and laborious reconstruction,
is quite satisfactory, as the budgets
are well balanced even in towns of
lesser importance.

With regard to the degree of cul-
ture, morality and education of the
Filipino employees of the state, we
could say very much in their favor.
Compare the number of employees in
all branches of the service and ranks
who have been removed up to the
present time and it will be seen that
there is no reason whatsoever to con-
sider the incapable.

THE NATIVES OF GUAM.

Resemble the Hawaiians Physically
and Dress and Live Like the
Filipinos.

The natives of Guam are a friendly,
social people, eager to please and very
hospitable. Physically, they resemble
the Hawaiians, having light brown
skin, straight black hair and pretty
features. They dress like the Filipi-
nos; shirt and trousers for the men
and a white waist with flowing sleeves
and a trailing skirt for the women.

There is a certain class distinction
among them as among other nation-
alities; the better class, or "400s," as
they are called, are well-to-do people
of Spanish extraction and comparative-
ly intelligent; they live in houses
built of coral stones, having the neces-
sities and a few of the luxuries of life.

says the Detroit Free Press. A pros-
perous merchant of Agaña is educating
his son in Manila, and his home is very
inviting; stone steps leading from the
hot, dusty street into a large, cool
hall, paved with colored tiles, in which
stand a long, cane-seated sofa and sev-
eral chairs. At the end and to the
right of the hall, broad stairs lead to
the rooms above, which are spacious
and airy. Lace curtains before the
windows, easy chairs, a piano, many
ornaments and pictures and the highly-
polished floor betoken his comfortable
circumstances.

The poorer class, native Chamorros
and half-breeds, live in wooden houses
or "shacks" built on poles three or
four feet above the ground, the inter-
vening space being utilized by the
many pigs, dogs, hens and chickens
owned by the family. These "low
castes" are ignorant and shiftless and
looked down upon by the more fortun-
ate neighbors of the "400s."

One day is much like another in
Guam. There are duties to be per-
formed, even though the proverb reads
for them: "Do not to-day what can be
put off till to-morrow. In Agaña a
river runs through the town, which
serves as a public laundry and lavatory.
Tall coconut trees on either
bank spring from the masses of luxuri-
ant shrubs and lilies; the quiet water
reflecting the green foliage banks is a
pretty picture, the beauty of which
is heightened by the native women in
all varieties of dress. Those who wash
stand waist-deep in the water, before
them long wooden troughs hollowed
out of tree trunks, holding the clothes,
which are rubbed with corn cobs; some
who are not fortunate enough to pos-
sess the cobs and trough slap the gar-
ments on large stones. Hard usage
for the clothes, but they emerge from
the process clean and white.

Filipino Women Smoke Cigars.

A returned St. Paul soldier, who has
served three years in the Philippines,
says that in that country the women
smoke a great deal, but instead of
using cigarettes, they smoke long
black cigars that last five or six hours.
No wonder they have a well smoked
appearance.

A Slight Mistake.

Miss Shecawgo—So you are from
Connecticut. That's where they sell
so many wooden nutmegs!

Miss Nahayen—Oh, no; you're mis-
taken. That's where they make them;
they have to come out here to sell
them.—Judge.

A Home Thrust.

Agent—I have a book you should buy
for your son, telling how to become a
politician. I have a man, president of the
United States, broker—

Mrs. Hennessy—G'wan, did yer moth-
er buy wan for you?—Brooklyn Life.

PITH AND POINT.

The early apple catches the worm.

—Judge.

The man oftenest caught is he who
is willing to do wrong if not found
out.—Saturday Evening Post.

Avoiding Dangers—"Why don't
you wash your face?" "Aw, say, I
ain't goin' to try no experiments!"
—N. Y. Journal.

"Yes, I smoke at least a dozen cig-
ars a day. This is a good one."
"Somebody must have given it to
you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When in Doubt—Don't. Scene—
Country Station. Gent—"Are the
sandwiches fresh, my boy?" Coun-
try Youth—"Don't know, I'm sure,
sir. I've only been here a fort-
night!"—Punch.

Matter of Necessity—"I could live
on a climate like this!" exclaimed
the enthusiastic visitor. "Well,"
drawled the Billville citizen, "if you
stay in these diggins you'll have
trouble!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"He is satisfied now that this is a
hard, hard world." "Why, he's rich,
and has everything he could wish
for." "I know, but he's been throw-
ing out of his automobile several times
lately."—Philadelphia Press.

The Pink Tea.—The Shopman—
"Oh, yes, we have all kinds of tea.
Which do you want—black or
green?" Mrs. Jumpup—"I'll have
some of the pink, if you please. I
understand that is quite the thing
in society at present."—Boston
Transcript.

Mrs. Sowerby—"They say mar-
riage never reforms a man. Non-
sense! Before we were married
Sowerby used to get drunk two or
three times a week. Nobody ever
saw him intoxicated since." Mrs.
Mildmay—"His married life, my
dear, has been of a nature to
sober him."—Boston Transcript.

JENNY LIND'S SALUTE.

Incident of Fifty Years Ago Told of
How She Honored the Glorious
Star-Spangled Banner.

Fifty years ago, when Jenny Lind
was singing in New York, the Amer-
ican frigate, St. Lawrence, returning
from a cruise abroad, came into the
harbor. The young midshipmen, on
the first night of their shore leave,
went to hear the famous singer.

The next day the boys, to express
the emotions that her wonderful
voice had stirred in them, called on
her in a body. They hardly expect-
ed that she would receive them, but
she did; and she was so charmed
by their youthfulness and ingenu-
ousness that when they timorously
asked her if she would like to see
their ship, she accepted the invita-
tion. Then, grinning boldly, they
asked her to luncheon, and she ac-
cepted that invitation, too, relates
Youth's Companion.

When, on the appointed day, she
came on board with her companion,
the captain saw her from his cabin
and recognized her.

There is nothing more strict than
the courtesy observed in ship etiq-
quette among officers of all ranks.
Of the three messes—the captain's
table, the ward-room and the steer-
age mess, where the midshipmen
ate—no officer, from captain down,
would make himself one of a com-
pany at another mess unless espe-
cially bidden.

In this case the captain rang the
bell for the orderly.

"Tell the gentlemen of the steer-
age mess," he said, "that the cap-
tain is going ashore, and that the
cabin is at their disposal if they
care to use it."

The luncheon, however, was eaten
in the steerage. But after the pleas-
ant meal was over the boys proudly
invited their guest into the captain's
cabin, where they took coffee.

"Ask her to sing something," whis-
pered the paymaster's clerk. "If
I'll thrash you if you dare!" re-
turned one of the midshipmen, un-
der his breath.

The ward-room officers had guests,
too. They brought up guitars and
sat on the poop-deck above, singing
"The Swanee River" and other pop-
ular songs.

"How pretty!" cried Jenny Lind,
with enthusiasm, clapping.

When at last she was leaving, she
paused on the step between the
carved sides of the gangway. Look-
ing up at the floating stars and
stripes, she said:

"I wish to salute your flag."
Uncovering her head and holding
her hat in her hand, she began to
sing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As she sang the first verse every
officer and every man came silently
on deck. When she had sung the
song to the end, deafening cheers
rang out from St. Lawrence, and
were taken up by every ship near
by, for all had been listening.

Steamers blew their whistles; and
every man within reach of that
thrilling voice knew that he had
heard one of the most inspiring
songs in the world sung as he would
probably never hear it sung again.

Spurious Meteorites.

The museums of the world contain
considerable collection of specimens
labeled meteorites, which are, never-
theless, spurious. Meteorites com-
mand a high price. A dollar for an
ounce weight would not be too much
in certain cases. Certain Corsicans
lately manufacture meteorites for the
market, taking minerals and covering
them with an artificial crust. Of
course, the fraud was detected at the
first analysis, and, equally, of course,
the Corsicans are now in jail for sell-
ing meteorites under false pre-
tenses. In 1855 a number of persons in
Russia declared that a meteor fall had
taken place in their village and the
specimens they produced were pur-
chased by several museums. An analy-
sis has recently shown that all were
spurious. In the museum of Cairo is a
large "